RECENT ACTS OF THE FOOLISH KING OF A WISE PEOPLE.

On Analysis They Are Not So Foolish as They Have Been Regarded-Shaking Up the Dry Bones.

J. O. Bennett, in Chicago Journal. which has grown out of them, it is interestness among kings.

things which, if done or said by a plain man of the people, would be singularly eloquent of sanity, are, when done or said | shot. by a king, the basis for a suspicion of mad-

His Majesty of Spain, for example, while visiting in Cabadonga recently, was induced by the local bishop to view the relics in the cathedral.

His lerdship gravely exhibited to the monarch St. Peter's toe nail-which one of the ten is not stated-and some of the hair of St. Paul-whether plucked from the whiskers or elsewhere is another interesting detail not given-and expected him to be duly reverent.

So far from falling into that attitude of mind the King leered shrewdly at the bishop and said, "My lord, do you believe that non- are indebted to Pope for these lines: sense?"

Which, we take it, was a fairly sane, not The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. to say courageous, point of view for a priest-ridden lad of sixteen to assume-be he king or peasant. Anyway, my lord, the bishop, crossing

himself in an ecstasy of fear and devotion, affirmed that he certainly did believe all "Well, I don't," said the King, and, being

greatly bored, announced his intention of going to dinner forthwith. Even laughter travels slowly in that sad,

dle country of his, but the story of the bishop is trickling through every city and hamlet from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, and laughter, hearty if cautious, greets it every-Certain more grievous errors than vain

superstitions have been laughed out of court and countenance ere this, so that the timorous snickering of the Spanish peasantry may prove an epoch-making ebuilition Who knows?

Having made light of ecclesiastical superstition, it was, quite literally, mere child's play for the boy King to pay his laughing compliments to that dreary, devitalizing ceremonial and etiquette. Making a progress through his ancient city of Leon, Alfonso's eye was caught and his fancy charmed by a triumphal arch which spanned a street

A great assemblage of local dignitaries was escorting him to the town hall. He commanded the procession to halt, disounted from his carriage, and taking his own time to adjust his camera, snap shotted the arch from several points of view. The grandees in his train besought him to resume his progress-which he did at his own pleasure, waving them out of the field of the picture meanwhile.

The deduction one may make from such an act is hardly incipient insanity, but the more natural one that there is small advantage in being a king and an amateur photographer unless you can snapshot what

Bored to extinction at a great reception seld in his honor in the city of Ovideo, Alonso announced that it was his royal pleas-"But," whispered the panic-stricken chamberlains, "the people must depart

As his loving subjects showed no sign of roing his Majesty replied: "Oh, they must, nust they? Well, I'll soon send them." Presently he placed his hands to his mouth in imitation of a bugle and sang the notes of taps. The guests not comprehending him, he repeated the sounds and enforced their meaning with pantomime, stretching his arms and yawning

The palace was soon dark and quiet and the King at rest, dreaming, no doubt, of ome fresh devilment for the morrow. Recently he quizzed in public that prossing old top, the Duke of Veragus, to the eminent confusion of his Grace. It was in Santander and the King had just received the keys of the city. The streets rang with shouts of "Long live the King! Long live Spain! Long live Austria! Long ive Santander!" Everybody and every-Craning his neck and peering impshly at the duke, who was on an adjacent stand, his Majesty cried: "Ah, duke, you don't get anything this time, I see. No ong life for you.

Those who have knowledge of the noble duke's knack at getting something at all times will especially relish this delicious

This morning's cable advices bring news given the traditions of his agonized nobility another terrific jolt, and, by the same token, fresh impetus to their suspicion that

Nevertheless he gives three admirable reasons why he should do this-to reconcile the rampant republican element by taking | for the Ninth ward and thus hurt the Beef a consort from the people, to restore Span-ish influence in the South American republies, and to mend the fortunes of his house lebeian millions A fourth reason which must have oc-

curred to so sagacious a youth might have its source in his desire to strengthen the impoverished Bourbon-Hapsburg blood by the infusion of new corpuscles. glance, too, at the portraits of the

Elizabeth Maries, the Maria Annas, the Marie Annunciatas, the Hildegardes, the Adelgundes and the other Austrian and Bavarian frights, from among whom his councilors want him to choose a wife, may also serve to convince a vulgar republican that the King's desire to look elsewhere is A month or so ago Alfonso went to a

workingmen's dance in Madrid and in the gray dawn came home "proper." Very reprehensible that, certainly, but if every young American who does the same were esteemed a candidate for the asylum we should have to enlarge our madhouses on an extensive scale.

One night he called out the Madrid garrison and put it through its paces, apparently for no other reason than to see if it were any good. Our honored mayor did the same with the fire department last Sunday, but nobody has proposed locking him up as an

It is said that Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away. Perhaps this joyous, madcap boy, with his

ase of humor and his impudence, may help to clear the besotted kingdom of a few more of its devitalizing, impoverishing cerenials and superstitions. He may have a disastrous finish, but if he were driven into exile to-morrow he would deserve a place in history as the twentieth

century boy who got Spain to laughing over her dry bones instead of cherishing them. Evidently he loathes shams and nonsense. And he is the humanest manifestation the ancient kingdom has achieved since mirthful Cervantes laid down his sharp pen.

## The Illustration and the Text.

Philadelphia Record. "It is the hardest thing in the world," said the art director of a well-known magazine the other day, "to get apt illustrations for stories. The men who know how to Illustrate, who are at the top of the heap, and whose work naturally commends itself for its unquestioned value, seldom display ordinary horse sense. It is too much trouble for them to read the story to find out what It is about, and so they content themselves with selecting as many passages as there are illustrations required, and drawing their pictures with absolute disregard for the rest of the text. I don't wonder the authors kick. Some of the big fellows have reached the point where they positively refuse to allow any illustrations in their books, on the ground that the pictures are generally absurd. A case of this kind occurred in one of the best-selling books last year. The action of the story was laid fifty years ago, and yet all the illustrations were ridiculously up to date. One, the interior of a country lawyer's office, had a modern telephone booth in it! De-tail is painful to the average illustrator. Effect is everything to him. Take, for instance, this full-page illustration." The art director picked up a copy of an August magazine. "Here is a picture of a girl who has hooked a trout. The line is taut and the rod is bending under the strain.

Now see how the girl is holding the rod.

Neither hand is anywhere near the reel.

and yet, decoratively speaking, the picture | year. Pennies are very much like pins in is good. The artist would look at the ef- | the problem of what becomes of them. fect. Do you think you could get him to They dribble back into the mint for recoin-

### EGGS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

Products of the Hen and Other Fowls and Birds-How to Cook Them. New York Press.

The finest eggs in the world are those of the quail, but no one likes to confess having eaten them, as it would be unsportsmanlike. I have seen a country where "bob white" was so plentiful as to be a nuisance to farmers, and as no one shot In view of the antics of the young King | the bird for food the nests were destroyed of Spain and the rumor of his insanity to prevent its natural increase. A dozen quail eggs would be a delicious meal. In ing to consider what may constitute mad- | cradling wheat we often discovered nests containing ten or fifteen eggs, and as the Pondering over that question in its vari- hen would desert these in the stubble it ous aspects, we may discover that certain | was no crime to appropriate them for the table. Quail are so scarce to-day that any one robbing a nest would go to jail or be back for recoinage. Those unfit for use are

The annual supply of eggs in the United States is said to be about 8,500,000,000, or more than 700,000,000 dozen, and their value is equal to that of the product of our gold and silver mines. Some men eat two dozen eggs a day, some do not eat two dozen in a year. They are supposed to render certain folk bilious. A raw egg may be digested in two hours, one soft boiled in three nours, hard boiled in three and one-half, fried in three and one-half, roasted in two and one-quarter. Did you ever roast an egg before the fire? Place on top of it a straw, and when it is done the straw will make a balf revolution. A well-roasted egg is a delicious morsel. In the days of wood fires it was more common to roast eggs than to boil them. Touchstone speaks of their being "ill-roasted, all on one side," and we

One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the

Notwithstanding the vast consumption of eggs, no sort of attention is paid to their flavor. One egg is supposed to be just as good as another so long as both are fresh. In most food products we pretend to be Cochin, between a Hamburg and a Plymbetween a puddle duck and an Aylesbury, between a bronze turkey and a Narragan-

ing, dominique, Brahma or Black Spanish. Thomas Weighanchor Lawson raises his own eggs. His hens being fed on the to take care of me than I of him. choicest food that money can buy, their product is correspondingly select. A hen may, therefore, be assumed that other food will affect the taste in like manner, hence a hen that feeds in a filthy barnyard will not lay so good eggs as one fed on carefully prepared grain and dough. I should think every man able to own a farm would raise his own eggs, as Lawson does. Howthat fattens on celery. There is no poorer food than duck eggs, wild or tame, and no better than turkey eggs, wild or tame.

The man who "gets eggs for his money" is easily imposed on. When goslings want to drive the geese to pasture they are "teaching their grandmothers to suck eggs." To "tread upon eggs" is to walk gingerly. An old-time method of choosing a saddle horse for the mother of the family was to test it on an "egg trot," that is, place eggs in panniers on either side of the saddle and urge the animal to a trot. If the eggs did not break the purchase was | run. effected, other qualities being satisfactory.

To roast an egg properly is to first boil it; then, after removing the shell, take out the yolk, braid it up with spices, put it back again, put the egg on a skewer and roast it. If you have not eaten an egg thus prepared you have something to live for. It is the best of the 240 ways of cook-

The Phoenicians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Japanese and many other ancient namaintained that the world was hatched from an egg made by the Creator. That is as good a theory as any. To accept it is to remove a million doubts. It is quite as sensible as the making of Eve out of one of Adam's short ribs. And it is not more sensible than the story of Arimanes, "prince of earth and air" or "prince of the powers of evil," who pierced the egg made by Oromazes to contain twenty-four good | tude on the Spanish war question. spirits, and thereby mixed evil with every

"Don't put all your eggs in ore basket" is as old as the hills, and has been the guide of countless successful men. Recently Andrew Carnegie changed it to this: "Put all your eggs in one basket, and watch the basket." Each points to a use-

Frank Charles, who has had years of experience in the care and breeding of poultry, maintains that he is an expert, and declares that he will give a bond and guar-antee that with less than \$5,000 capital any of the King's determination to marry a one that understands the business can American heiress. Thereby he has start a plant that will pay 3 per cent. the first year, 12 per cent. the second and third years, and 50 per cent. "for the balance of time;" and at the end of the third year have an establishment that can be sold for \$10,000 cash. "If Devery sees this," he says, "He may raise all the eggs and chickens

## SEVEN MILLION CENTS

Sent Out on Ceaseless Journey from

Philadelphia Mint Every Month. Philadelphia Press.

If you should happen to be talking with an employe of the United States mint of | cal Society there. The director of the Zoo the Treasury Department, do not use the and myself were talking at the hotel, and word penny. There are no pennies in the mint, nor have there ever been, although a great many persons are under the impression that anywhere from 5,000,000 to 7,-00,000 a month of these useful little coins are shipped from this city to the Treasury | my potato out of my pocket, 'is what Department at Washington and the various subtreasuries.

But these are cents, not pennies; and if you persist in calling them pennies while you are talking with one of the clerks in the mint, you are corrected at every step of the conversation. Pennies, they tell you, have not been used in this country since the colonial days, when the United States mint was not in business. To call cents pennies is regarded as rank Anglophobiaism. In technical terms, for use on the books of the mint and for correspondence with Washington, pennies are called "one-cent bronze good." pleces." In ordinary conversation they are called cents. But pennies, never.

There is a reason, also, for the term "bronze pieces." Of the 1,230,075,871 pennies that have been coined for the government at the Philadelphia mint 1,737,871 were the big copper pennies many persons remem-ber in the days of their boyhood. None have been coined since 1856, but there are still 1,183,537 of them floating around the country somewhere. Not one dozen of them a month find their way back to the mint for recoinage. Where they have gone to is a mystery, as is the ultimate destination of the millions of bronze cents that are scattered broadcast from the mint every



A FELLOW FEELING. Hoskins-What! James going to leave

Butler-Yes, sir; I can't put up with the mistress any longer. Hoskins-But, James, look how long I've

draw the hands in proper position? Not | age in lots of anywhere from \$1,000 to \$10,000, and not very rapidly at that. Pennies are never recoined into pennies. They are transformed into nickels, which are made of an alloy of 25 per cent. nickel and 75 per cent, bronze or copper. So that the cent you drop into the slot machine to-day will have another incarnation and go traveling around the country enhanced in value long after you are in your grave. The copper discs for new cents are bought by the carload from a firm in Waterbury, Conn., which has a contract to supply them. They come already milled and ready for the stamping machines. When rolled along the floor of the mint in heavy trucks to get their face value put on them they are

as brilliant as burnished gold. Before the slot machines came into such iniversal use the railroad companies were the great collectors of pennies to send into the subtreasuries for redemption in currency. They usually sent them in bags of \$100 each, although the subtreasury did not forward them to the mint in such lots. Nowadays the companies who operate slot machines make daily trips to the subtreasuries in wagons and hand over tens of thousands of pennies for greenbacks. But only a small proportion of these are sent sorted out and the others sent off again on their ceaseless journeys.

### THREATENED SPEAKER REED.

Anonymous Letter Writer Tried to Sell Stories About His Epistles. Washington Post.

"Although it is not generally known, there are few men of prominence are not the victims of anonyletters, threatening them with unless they comply with the terms of the epistle." This, from one who considered one of the best detectives in the District, carries much weight. Continuing, he said: "It is, moreover, curious how, by merest accident or suspicious circumstance, we are at times enabled to discover the sender of these letters, after all regular means have been exhausted. The most strikig case of this sort that ever came under my observation was the one in which Speaker Reed was the victim, and which, strange to relate, never got into the

"Just before the declaration of war with Spain, Speaker Reed had made himself unpopular in the eyes of a good many people discriminating. We see a wonderful dif- on account of the stand he took in opposing ference between a game chicken and a the war, and several months before the conflict began he received anonymous letters outh Rock, when broiled for breakfast; abusing him for his position in the matter and threatening him with death unless he desisted. The first letter of this sort that sett, etc., yet in eggs we notice but one | reached him was, of course, immediately quality, namely, that of soundness. We turned in to the department, and I was dedo not notice whether the shells are white, tailed to guard and protect the person of originators of the doctrine. buff, yellow or speckled. We do not care the distinguished statesman from Maine,

"Everything went along quietly for several weeks. The letters continued to ara very distinct onion flavor to her eggs. It | than the other, but, aside from this, we saw nothing on the horizon that boded ill for the speaker.

"One day, however, nearly a month after he received the first of these anonymous messages, Speaker Reed was walking up Fourteenth street to the Shoreham, where he lived, and I was following at some little ever, some very rich persons prefer the distance in his rear. For some reason or scavenger puddle duck to the canvasback other that I do not now recollect I turned about several times on my way up the street, and in so doing noticed each time I turned that a certain person, a young man, apparently, was either following the speaker, or at any rate his actions gave that impression. To make sure of this I stopped, and just as he approached within about one hundred and fifty feet of me the Speaker turned a corner, going toward the Shoreham, and as he did so the fellow, who by this time I was convinced was following the statesman, quickened his pace and was on the point of passing me almost on a

"By a quick movement I grasped him by All of us have seen horses that could trot | the arm and brought him to an abrupt halt. without so much as addling an egg, not to As I did so I began questioning him, but mention breaking it. Things as "like as he flew into a towering passion, became two eggs" are supposed to be exactly alike; | very indignant, and refused to answer any which is an error. "From the egg to the of my questions. He demanded what right apples" means the whole dinner. A "bad I had to stop or detain him, and became so egg" we are all familiar with, and occasion- unruly that I told him that I would take ally one of us is it. There is a "duck's him to the detention station, and you bet egg" in the game of cricket. "Golden eggs" I took him there. I do not think that I ever so so many developments from a thing that had so small and meager a beginning. "Reaching the station, I searched his person and found in his pockets some letter paper that corresponded exactly with that on which the anonymous letters had been written. To make a long story short, he turned out to be the author of the threatening letters to Speaker Reed. He had been an employe of the War Department, had been discharged, had taken to drink and had that he became something of a crank and a was ready for anything. At the same time that he was writing these threatening letbest to sell to the New York papers a number of stories that he had written about Speaker Reed receiving letters threatening him with death unless he changed his atti-

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Carry a Potato, and if One Is No Good Try Two.

The carrying of a raw potato in the pocket as a panacea for rheumatism is no new suggestion, but it is not often that one can find a living individual who attributes his cure to so simple a remedy. Such is Mr. Jamrach, the well-known naturalist, writes a correspondent. Mr. Jamrach has on his mantelpiece an old potato, hard as a bone, pear-shaped and flattened.

"I was down at Margate years ago," he says, "seeing Sanger-John Sanger, Lord George's brother-and I was suffering from rheumatism. 'My boy,' said Sanger, 'this trying, for the experience in such matters are out in all weathers, and exposed to the very conditions that bring on rheumatism, is not to be despised. I did try it, and I have never dropped it. It certainly cured me. Others, too, that have taken to it at my advice say the same. "I remember being at Antwerp at a sale of animals—surplus animals of the Zoologihe was complaining of rheumatism, just as cording to their ideas by taking an interest in your conversation. 'This,' I said, pulling carry as a preventive of rheumatism.' 'And this is what I carry, said he, pulling out a lump of sulphur. And this is what I carry,' said the waiter, pulling out a chamgood and your cork's no good. Try my potato.' The director tried the potato, and the next time I heard from him he wrote as a postscript: 'Your potato is no good.'
When I wrote back I added as a postscript, 'Try two potatoes.' Then in course of time came the message: 'Your two potatoes are

## THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

No Room for a Quarrel Over Its Inception and Execution. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Now that Grant and Sherman are dead. after having lived on terms of the closest affection for many years, it seems a pity that once more the effort should be made to exhibit an enmity between the two which never existed. The discovery of an old letter by Sherman in a second-hand book store has caused the trouble. From this letter one might infer that Sherman for the first time claimed the inception of the march to the sea as his own. It is well known that soon after the war there was some acrimonious discussion in this matter, but the truth seems to have been about as follows: When General Grant was put in entire command of the federal armies he resolved to have them act as a unit. When Atlanta fell the march to the sea was decided on, though it had often before been suggested. As to which general actually first thought of the campaign there is no doubt whatever. In his Memoirs Grant says there never was any controversy between him and Sherman on that point. Grant, as commanding officer, ordered the move, but he has given all the credit for the inception and execution of it to Sherman, where it properly belongs. In fact, from a military point of view it was not a difficult task at all. Sherman lived well off the country, and the opposition he met was so slight as to be of no importance. When Savannah fell the fate of the Confederacy was decided beyond any per-

adventure. Sherman always said that Grant was a greater general than he in the very largest use of the term, and Grant is believed to have thought Sheridan a greater general than either. Grant's position as a soldier and statesman is growing constantly, and it cannot be affected by raking up old let-ters. Grant and Sherman were both such determined men that neither would have pretended to an affection which did not ex-

THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN IS NO LONGER IN EVIDENCE.

A Perfect Mania for Retaining an Appearance of Youth-Fakers Have Enormous Clientele.

Large fortunes are being made in Paris by professional beauty doctors, who have pitched their tents in the fashionable districts of the city, and who, by cleverly playing upon the vanity and credulity of silly women, and even men, are growing rich at their expense.

From time immemorable women have desired to be beautiful, and have used every artificial means in their power to attain this end. The milk baths of Cleopatra and those of the Roman ladies have remained famous, while the cosmetics of Josephine are equally renowned, but the modern woman quite outrivals these women of history, and affords a lucrative profession for the people who have embraced the calling of ministering to the beauty needs of the fair sex.

To-day the middle-aged woman is tabooed. Women must be young or old, and very old at that. The woman of forty, who formerly looked and was willing to dress according to her age, now looks, as far as in her power, a young women, and dresses like one, no fashions being considered too young for her. Indeed, to-day the mother and daughter wear toilettes alike, and it is this insatiable desire to appear young that is the secret of the beauty doctors' success in Paris.

Youth, the latter claim, is only a matter of treatment, and may be restored and preserved indefinitely if the face and figure are properly cared for, and, as this doctrine is a pleasing one to the majority of women, they are readily induced to believe it, and their belief is the source of fortune to the

Gone are the days of wrinkles, which when I reported for duty I remarked to the beauty doctor undertakes to smooth him that I thought that he was better able away; gone, also, the marks of time, such as the hateful crow's feet about the eyes, now banished by some quack lotion. Gone the pallor which fades the youthful bloom fed on onions for a few days will impart | rive, and each one was a little more violent | from the cheeks; for the beauty doctor undertakes to restore the rosy hue of youth Passed are the days when the woman with a snub nose was obliged to endure her affliction, or the woman with ill-formed ears to sigh for the shell-like appendages of a more fortunate sister. The Paris beauty doctor undertakes to straighten and even Romanise the turned-up nose, and to change the ears to the most shell-like possible to desire.

There is nothing which these all-powerful men and women do not promise. Eyes they can brighten, lips they can redden, teeth they can render veritable pearls of perfection; hands they can change from "spatulate" to the delicate "conic" of the aristocracy; waists they can reduce at will, while necks and arms they are ready to perfect according to the client's preferences. These are only some of the feats these creators, preservers, and restorers of beauty claim they can perform.

Their clientele is enormous, and is derived from all classes, commencing with the wealthiest aristocratic woman in soclety down to the humblest shop girl, and, naturally, the scale of prices is in keep-ing with the fortune of the patient. A rich woman would not esteem a remedy efficacious unless expensive, while a shop girl could not pay a high price for the most wonderful beautifier in the world, and the beauty doctors cleverly base their profits on an uneven, although well calculated, scale of prices.

VARIOUS TREATMENTS. There are two classes of beauty doctors -those who pretend to hide defects by cosmetics, false accessories and other tricks, and those who claim to remedy defects by means of treatment. The latter despise the former, whom them term "charlatans," fallen into very hard luck. The result was | while the "charlatans" declare their method is the only effective one. Each class of them have their followers, blind believers in their powers.

In one of the smartest districts of Paris

there is a celebrated beauty parlor, where wonderful preparations are offered for sale. The professor of beauty who owns the establishment is an exceedingly clever woman, who claims to have inherited the secrets of Marie Antoinette and her court ladies for preserving and enhancing beauty. The clientele this woman has drawn around her is something remarkable, and her products sell in marvelous quantity, for she not only treats the face, hands and neck, but manufactures all kinds of soaps, perfumes, washes, sponges with magical powers, face masks, plasters and endless lotions of every description, all made from Marie Antoinette receipts, which only goes to prove that the unfortunate Queen had resources which until lately have been quite ignored. A cake of soap for the skin, that is to say an ordinary cake, in this establishment costs 2s 6d, and if the authentic "Marie Antoinette Savon," it costs 3s, while small piece of "Beautyline" soap costs 2s. The ordinary skin soap is said by its manufacturer to be "an absolutely pure antiseptic cosmetic, giving vigor and elasis what you ought to do,' and he pulled a potato out of his pocket. I thought it worth fects, effacing all evil produced by other ticity to the skin, chasing away impursoaps, lotions or powders, restoring color to the skin, while rendering it soft, flexible and giving it the youthful transparence" which only the soap in question can produce. It is not to be wondered at with such claims that thousands of cakes of this

beautifying soap are sold to the credulous

fair sex of Paris. BEAUTY BATHS. In this same establishment "beauty baths" are given at 8s the bath, and it is the waiter came up, as foreign waiters baths are given at 8s the bath, and it is often do, to make themselves agreeable ac- claimed for them that they have a marvelous effect in beautifying the body, which becomes "like velvet and undergoes a magic revival of youth." For people with hard skin there are "softening sachets" at 12s the box, and for those who are afpagne cork! 'And yet you both suffer from flicted with a greasy skin inclined to rheumatism,' I said; 'your sulphur's no wrinkles there are the "anti-wrinkle wrinkles there are the "anti-wrinkle sachets." which cause the shiny appearance of the skin to disappear, and tone up the muscles of the face to such an extent that the wrinkles vanish as if by magic. A more expensive box of these same "antiwrinkle sachets" is warranted to cause the wrinkles of "even elderly people" to disappear-the older the person the heavier the price of the wrinkle chaser. Thousands and thousands of these sachets are sold, not only in Paris, but all over the continent, and even in London, where the credulity of women is evidently as great as in the French capital. It is easy to figure the profits upon such sales, ranging from 50 to 100 per cent. Even the baby does not escape, and the modern mamma buys magic sachets of all kinds to pre-



AS TO DISTANCE. Weary Willie (on the track)-Say, pard kin youse tell me how fur it is t' th' next station?

Busted Actor-Sure. It's just 287,349 cross-

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inches wide .....

and silky, with woven stripes and

stripes, very heavy quality ......

ors, 50c quality .....

### YARD-WIDE MOIRE VELsilk, very heavy, our 1.25 OUR-Our 1.50 quality ......

silk, every yard warranted, 90c BLACK CORDED TAFFETA-22 inches wide, all silk, 1.00 quality .... BLACK ARMURE-22 inches wide,

serve the delicacy of the baby's skin for

weather, this same beauty doctor has in-

vented an antiseptic toilet water at 8s the

tiny bottle, which my lady must rub on her

face before she leaves the house, thus

bolstering her skin up against cold or hot

air, for the use of this water is commended

summer and winter. Then comes the "anti-

fatigue" lotion at 8s per small bottle, warranted to prevent the face from "show-

ing fatigue," and the "anti-wrinkle"

cream, which is intended to prevent wrink-les from ever appearing. For deep-seated wrinkles there is a special lotion at 8s, and

"beautyline cream" at 14s, and "beauty-

line bandelette" at 15s, the latter for mas-

doctor charges the most obstinate wrinkles

AT £10 A MONTH.

At a guinea a bottle there is a powder for

removing superfluous hair, and for another

guinea "Hungarian water," with all sorts

of qualities, the receipt for which has been

betrayed by the descendants of a no less

personage that Queen Marie Therese, For

the lips there are salves at 8s the box, and

one could never enumerate the long and ex-

pensive list of other accessories for beauty.

To restore youthful beauty to the face

this beauty doctor puts the patient through

a series of treatment-ten successive

treatments to commence with-each last-

ing an hour and a half, and each costing

£1 8s at the establishment and £2 at the

client's house, in adidtion to the price of

the lotions and preparations used. The

operation includes a plaster mask, massage

and endless other treatment. When the

series of ten is finished then the client

may preserve her fresh new face for a year

if she continues occasional treatments un-

der the specialist's care with the aid of

her preparations, all at the cost of a little

sum, something like £10 a month, and

this is a modest figure. When there is

hand massage and a great deal of per-

fumery the sum doubles, but a woman can

be made fairly beautiful in Paris for a cash payment of £20 for the first ten series

of treatments and £10 a month afterwards,

as long as her delusions in the matter

herself into thinking she has drunk of the

perpetual fountain of youth. These are

actual figures, and their computation read-

ily shows why the beauty doctors are ac-

culmulating such large fortunes in Paris.

THE RUIN OF A FOREST.

Coal Smoke Ruining the Trees Around

Pittsburg.

The statement recently made by Superin-

tendent Falconer, of Schenley Park, that

the trees of Pittsburg and vicinity are

gradually being killed by the smoke and dust from the furnaces is strikingly veri-

fied at Rankin. There on the side of the

hill above the Carrie furnace is a forest of

immense oaks literally ruined, their limbs

bare of the least vestige of verdure and

their bark stripped and wasted away by

Every day vast clouds of smoke and dust

roll over the hill, hiding everything from

clothes and disturbing the temper of house-

wives. But the trees and shrubbery suf-

fered most, for there is scarcely a twig or

branch that is now clothed in green. A few

trees of hardier nature stand with leaves

on, but the oaks and other varieties are

utterly blasted beyond recall, their huge,

bare arms lifted as if in piteous appeal to their fell destroyers. These trees are noth-

ing but trunks and bare limbs, with the

bark eaten off by the vicious smoke and ore

dust as if stricken by lightning. Jove's

thunderbolts indeed could not deaden or

annihilate these trees as the subtle, less

plete. Where a few years ago a magnificent

forest of mighty oaks stood the pride of

nature and of man now there is a ghastly,

piteous collection of naked tree trunks and

limbs. These blasted monarchs of the for-

est are mostly on the old Denniston farm

that extends on the west to North Home-

stead. The wind blows in such a direction

that the deadly blasts of carbon and ochre

ore dust is carried directly north over the

lowland and up on the hill where the oaks

stand. Out of the zone of this blast the

is perfectly bare-a Prometheus stripped of

its strength and bound to be destroyed, not

by vultures, as the Prometheus of classic

page, but by as potent death-dealers-

smoke and ore dust. A few years ago this

splendid specimen of nature stood in all its

proud strength and majestic stature; now

it is blasted as, if by the lightning's stroke. There is not a twig or leaf on it and its

bark is irreparably ripped and blasted. The same process as is going on at Ran-

kin is being duplicated in other places,

notably Oakland and Hazelwood, and in

Schenley Park, where some of the trees

near Junction hollow are showing signs of

the ravages of smoke and ore dust. In Oak-

land the entire hillside below Frazer street

is parched and barren as far as vegetation

and foliage are concerned. On top of the

hill some beautiful places have been ruined

on account of the smoke and inundations of

ore dust which descends in huge clouds on

Ten years ago the hillsides along the Monongahela were beautiful and green with foliage that hid the bare, ugly places and

were a delight to travelers on trains and

street cars. Twenty years ago nearly the

whole length of Second avenue was lined

with verdure-clad hills. The hills along the

Allegheny river have escaped for the rea-

son that the smoke and ore dust blows up

So far the Oakland and Hazelwood resi-

dents are the only ones to file complaints

in court as to the damage done their trees

and shrubbery. At Rankin there are only a few families, and the bread-winners in

them work in the very furnaces and mills that produce the smoke and ore dust. The settlement of North Homestead escapes the devastation. In the big forest of oaks there are no houses, and the owner of the tract has evidently not thought it necessary to formally complain of the nuisance that has ruined his trees.

the stream and toward the western shore.

everything in sight.

violent smoke has done. The ruin is com

view blackening the houses and

Pittsburg Leader.

the heat and ore dust.

are keen enough to permit her to deceive

sage, and with this battery the beauty

in the most elderly face.

To prepare the skin for cold or

uture conquests.

extra weight and finish, 1.25 quality ..... BLACK GROS GRAIN-22 inches wide, all YARD-WIDE PEAU DE SOIE-Good weight and finish, 1.50 1.25

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SEPTEMBER 22-23-24-POPULAR MATINEE WEDNESDAY The Beauty Bright of them all-A Musical Fantasy Triumph.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Original Cast and Production Including Richard Carle and Seventy-four Others PRICES-Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Seats now ready.

ENGLISH'S SATURDAY Sept. 26-27 Saturday

Written by THEODORE KREMER, author of "The Power Behind the Throne," "The Fatal Wedding," Etc., Etc. Complete Scenic Production and Specially Selected Company, including Alfred H. Hastings, Edward S. Archer, Harry Gwynette, Thomas Carlton, Marshall Farnum, Thos. M. Harrison, Louise Muldener, Louise Lewis, Estelle Adams, Nan Hewins, Austina Mason, Violet Stewart and

LAVINIA SHANNON.

PRICES-Night: Boxes, \$1.50; orchestra, 75c and \$1; Balcony, 75c, 50c; Gallery, 25c. Matinee; 25c and 50c. Seats ready Monday.

MONDAY SATURDAY

**AFTERNOONS** NIGHTS

9—THRILLING, SENSATIONAL, YET REFINED VAUDEVILLE ACTS-

## MISS MAUD HUTH

The Winning, Winsome Monologue and Dialect Songstress "THE TIRED TRAMP,"

George B. Alexander Phil and Nettie Peters

In Laughable Sketch, "Legitimate." Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy Presenting Farce Comedy, "UNCLE PHINEAS."

Weston & Allen Roaring Farcical Fun-Makers.

MATINEE-All Seats 25c

AMUSEMENTS.

Al W. Martin's Spectacular Revival of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" Prices: 10c, 20c, 30c. Everybody goes to the Park.
Thursday—"The Scout's Revenge."

EMPIRE THEATER WABASH and DELAWARE ...

PARK-To-morrow-2 P. M.

One Week Only Commencing Monday Matinee, Sept. 22 Matinee Daily. Every Night. TOPSY TURVY

CO.

Prices of Admission—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. NEXT WEEK,—"The Tiger Lilies."

forest is green and the trees unimpaired. The great heat from the furnace is said to be a potent factor in the destruction of the big trees. RACES One melancholy feature of the universal destruction of the innocents is the case of a gigantic oak that rears its head all alone, springing from the center of a street run-ning parallel with the brow of the hill. This is by far the largest oak in the district. It

> State Fair Grounds Monday, Sept. 22

....AT ....

The Trotting Division of the Kentucky Stock Farm Expection Purse for 3-year-

Purse==\$5,000.00 With Sweepstakes.

The Money Maker, bay stallion by Allendorff; owned by A. H. Mundon, of Seymour, Ind., will start to beat 2:20, his present record.

Admission, 25c to Grounds and Grand Stand

CHARLES DOWNING.

M. S. CLAYPOOL.

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